

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVI. No. 2290

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London
May 16, 1945



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Yvonne Gregory

Wing Commander's Wife

Lady Waleran, who is the wife of Wing Commander Lord Waleran, was formerly Miss Betty Carr, and is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Emsley Carr. She was chairman of the committee for the very successful concert held at the Albert Hall recently in aid of the Battersea Central Mission, at which both the Queen and the two Princesses were present. Lady Waleran works for the Red Cross, and her husband, Lord Waleran, has been serving for the last two years in the Far East. Before the war he was Second Secretary to the Governor-General of New Zealand from 1927 to 1930, and is the son of the late Hon. W. L. C. Walrond, and of The Hon. Mrs. H. W. A. Adams



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Speculation

BECAUSE we are bidden to do so and, in any case, it is one of our national characteristics to think in terms of the next task, the defeat of Germany has inevitably aroused speculations as to the prospects of a quick ending of the war against Japan. There are, as usual, the super-optimists and the professional pessimists, those who just hope and those who make quick guesses, but there is very little on which to form a sure assessment. I thought that the most significant pointer was the Japanese official broadcast on the eve of Germany's final capitulation which said that "Japan had been stabbed in the back" because she had not been told what was happening.

Only a fortnight previously, said the official announcement, Germany had told Japan that she would never make a separate peace. The Japanese were able to say that as a result of Germany's action she had been absolved of any obligations. It was all very interesting but, to my mind, rather crude politics. The

Germany and Italy. Those in power were certain that this was Japan's greatest opportunity. They saw Britain facing certain defeat and the United States unprepared for the kind of war they were going to wage.

How mistaken they have been! Their miscalculations are only equalled by Hitler's. Now that they realize how wrong they have been I can see the Japanese wriggling for all they are worth to avoid the penalties of their treachery and their greed. I am certain that they will try—and certainly fail—to make a peace similar to that the Germans got away with in 1918. The Japanese will think that by an early surrender they might avoid the full severity of their punishment. But they cannot appreciate the bitterness in American hearts. Pearl Harbour will for ever be a landmark in the lives of Americans.

Thanksgiving

ALTHOUGH we were urged to rejoice in a sober fashion and there was a significant absence

the final capitulation of Germany. I doubt whether the Chamber—it is actually the House of Lords—has ever been so tightly packed with public and politicians. There was not a spare seat in the public galleries, and members' seats were filled to the capacity of discomfort. As Mr. Churchill appeared with a broad smile on his face, all rose spontaneously and cheered him to the echo. Mr. Churchill, the big man of the hour, the great man of this great war, seemed dwarfed amid this clamour of enthusiasm during which Members stood on their seats and waved their Order Papers madly. Mr. Churchill's eyes were wet, but his voice was firm and his final words were a delicate compliment to all who have sat in this wartime Parliament. Parliamentary institutions had been vindicated, said Mr. Churchill, and without the support of the House of Commons he could not have carried his heavy burden. All was spoken in that vein of chivalry which springs spontaneously from the Prime Minister's heart. There was one person absent of whom Mr. Churchill must have thought, for she has never missed one of his big speeches either before or since the war started, and that was Mrs. Churchill. She has spent nearly a month in Soviet Russia, and is now on her way home.

Campaigner

IT should never be forgotten that for Mr. Churchill the war against Hitler started ten or more years ago. It was some time before 1935 that the present Prime Minister started his series of speeches in which he warned the nation of the dangers which were approaching. He urged the need of organizing our strength to meet and ward off these dangers. His early speeches were tentative and analytical in their purpose. They showed the perils of disarmament and the developments of power politics on the Continent. Gradually the speeches acquired sharper phrases and more urgent tempo. There were moments when friends and politicians proclaimed Mr. Churchill an alarmist. But this did not alarm Mr. Churchill, he became more persistent in demanding the rearmament of Britain and the tightening of the bonds with France.

Those who watched him fighting that lonely battle—his early supporters were very few—will never forget the care with which he made his speeches, the thoughtfulness with which they were composed, and the earnestness with which they were delivered. Mr. Churchill



Last Wartime Monthly Reception of the Crown Prince Olaf of Norway was one of the guests. He is seen with Major Van Duren and Captain Van Schendel, of the Royal Netherlands Army, who have just reached this country from the notorious Buchenwald Concentration Camp



H.R.H. The Princess Royal, seen above with Lord Wavell, was the Guest of Honour. She was received by Marie Marchioness of Willingdon and Lady Louis Mountbatten (Vice-Presidents of the Committee) and by Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P., the Founder and Chairman of the Welcome Committee

Japanese are getting ready to face a grave national crisis, and the politicians are preparing for the inevitable split. The army and navy cliques have failed to maintain their early triumphs; the war is getting nearer to Japan. Now is the time for the Liberals and the Industrialists to assume power and responsibility in Japan and, if possible, make a peace.

Swiftly

ICAN well imagine that the Japanese will move much more quickly than did the Germans. I doubt very much whether they will give the Allies time to mass their forces in the Pacific and elsewhere for the final kill before they make known their request for peace. There are forces in Japan who were not convinced as to the meaning of Britain's reverse at Dunkirk, but they were overruled. It was then that the Japanese signed the anti-Comintern pact and threw in their lot with

of martial display to mark our great victories—nor were there any organized salvos to celebrate the final liberation of London from bombs, fire-bombs, fly-bombs and rockets as there might have been, and some people believe there should have been—it was nevertheless a great occasion on which the population of the capital prayed in millions and praised the King. The scenes inside Westminster Abbey, outside Buckingham Palace and in Whitehall were those of thanksgiving, relief and rejoicing. In all the circumstances the mafficking was orderly. London was lighted up again and there was a feeling of freedom in the air.

Cheers

THE Prime Minister has received many ovations in many places in this war, but never have I witnessed such a demonstration of wholehearted fervour as greeted him when he walked in the House of Commons to announce



First Into Hamburg

Major Storey, M.C., Croix de Guerre, was the Commander of the first tank squadron into Hamburg. He was awarded the French decoration for the part he played in the Liberation of France



W.A.A.F. Guard of Honour in India

Members of the W.A.A.F. stationed at New Delhi formed a Guard of Honour when their camp was visited by Lady Colville, wife of Sir John Colville, the acting Viceroy in the absence of Lord Wavell in Europe



Princess Elizabeth Talks to Wounded Officers

During her recent inspection, as their Colonel-in-Chief, of the 5th Battalion, Grenadier Guards, at Wellington Barracks, H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth spent some time talking to Lieut. T. Jones and other officers wounded in the recent fighting

organized his powers of oratory and research and underground news of that time as a military leader would wage a campaign. Watching Mr. Churchill cheered so loudly in the House of Commons—when often his early pre-war speeches were heard in silence—and seeing him walk in procession to St. Margaret's, Westminster, while the crowd applauded him almost deliriously, I wondered if the Prime Minister was thinking of those days of his own uphill fight to make the country know its danger.

Similarity

ON the eve of Britain declaring war on Germany five and a half years ago there was a last minute delay because agreement could not be reached with the French Government on some technical aspects of the announcement. In Whitehall this delay was recalled when on the eve of the declaration that Germany had capitulated it was necessary to agree to a postponement of twenty-four hours to meet the wishes of Soviet Russia and the United

States. Similarly, on the night of September 2, 1939, a heavy thunderstorm broke over London in the same way as on the night of May 7, 1945—the night before Mr. Churchill announced peace in Europe.

Mystery

HITLER's death is still something of a mystery, for his body has not been found and therefore there is room for all manner of speculations. The Russians are frankly suspicious. They believe that he has been spirited away, and that some day he will reappear. Their theories are not accepted in London, although until the body has been found it is difficult to be categorical. The fact that Goebbels died of poison, self-administered, together with his wife and children, is regarded as a slight indication that Hitler may have remained in Berlin to die naturally, or by the same means. It is thought that his body may have been consumed by the flames which enveloped his ornate Chancellery.

If Hitler is dead, Heinrich Himmler becomes

Nazi war criminal No. 1, and as such he will be tried by the Allies if he falls into their hands. Since Admiral Doenitz seized power nothing has been heard of Himmler. It is thought possible that he has found sanctuary, but it will not be for long. Just as Ribbentrop will never be able to escape, Himmler is as certain to be caught as Goering, and no country will dare to defy demands for his extradition.

Election

WITH the end of the war in Europe, the Labour Party delegates are meeting for their annual conference at Blackpool at Whitsun to decide whether they continue to support Mr. Churchill's Government or insist on the withdrawal of Labour Ministers. Everything points to a General Election in the near future, but no decision has been reached. While the Labour Party can be said to have a form of leverage in this matter it rests finally with Mr. Churchill. He may feel that there are too many problems unsettled to force an appeal to the country before the autumn at the earliest.



Historic Link-up of the Americans and Russians

General Hodges, U.S. 1st Army Commander, and General Zhadov, Commander of the Soviet 5th Guards Army, were in great form at the ceremony which followed the historic link-up of their two armies at Torgau-on-the-Elbe in Germany



Chief of the French Air Force at Buckingham Palace

General Valin, Chief of the French Air Force, went to the Palace recently to receive the insignia of the K.C.B. from H.M. the King. General Valin is seen in the Courtyard with Air Commodore Beaumont, the R.A.F. Liaison Officer to the French Air Force

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

A Witty Film

By James Agate

WHEN I was a boy I was entirely taken in and captivated by historical novels. I really believed that life in Pompeii was such as Lytton described, and in South American forests such as Kingsley pretended. That such were the exact words spoken by Ivanhoe to Rowena, by Hereward the Wake to the Last of the Barons. I believed, in a word, in the Hengist-Horsery of the entire business. Then came a time—and I think George Eliot had something to do with it—when I ceased to believe in the literal inspiration of the authors of these books, and read historical novels purely for their style. If I read Thackeray's *Esmond* today I should do so because of such a sentence as:—

"Esmond thought of the courier, now galloping on the North road to inform him, who was Earl of Arran yesterday, that he was Duke of

peruke? In the plays enacted by Fred Terry and Julia Neilson she took it off with a vengeance. Here is Montague on the subject:—

"Dorothy Vernon proposes to exchange clothes with Mary Queen of Scots: 'I, by your leave,' she says, in the metre Shakespeare used, 'will wear your robes awhile.' 'I suppose,' she subjoins, with the fine prose humour of today, 'I must wear something.'"

And I myself remember a drama of the Cavalier and Roundhead war in which an elderly Countess proposed on the day after the battle to hold her ground or flee according as her side had won or lost. "How will your ladyship get to know?" somebody pertinently asked. And received the reply: "My gossip, who is to come hotfoot i' the morn, will bear the tidings." It was at that moment that I

that even the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations declines to give that famous line in which Byron sums up the lady in two epithets. No, most people expect to see of the carryings-on of the Empress no more than

Merely innocent flirtation,
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

LET it be said that in *Czarina* (Odeon) Lubitsch has presented the preposterous story with subtlety and wit. Who supplied this wit in the first instance I don't know, since the screen play is by Edwin Justus Mayer, adapted by Bruno Frank from a play by Lajos Biro and Melchior Lengyel. But the wit is there all right. Somebody coming to tell the Empress that he has heard whispers of a plot being hatched against her in the Ukraine or somewhere, the old Chancellor (Charles Coburn) says: "Why should your Majesty worry? Always there is plotting; one day it is the Army, next day it is the Navy. What does it matter?" "But don't you arrange to take care of these people?" asks H.M. (Tallulah Bankhead). "But of course," replies the Chancellor. "We paid General Papakoff 50,000 roubles to take care of Admiral Mamakoff. We also paid the Admiral 50,000 roubles to take care of the General." "So what?" asks the Empress. "Everything turned out quite satisfactory," grins the Chancellor, "I have the honour to inform your Majesty that both the General and the Admiral were buried with full honours."

THE story of this film is the never-failing one which Fielding immortalized in the letter Joseph Andrews wrote to his sister: "Had my mistress not been a lady of quality, dear Pamela, I should have thought she had a mind to me." The authors, or somebody, have put a great deal of fun into that scene in which Catherine plies the simpleton with glass after glass of champagne, and promotes him in the course of half an hour from Lieutenant to Captain, Major, Colonel, and finally to General. At his fifth or sixth glass the boy declares he has quite overcome his shyness and is prepared to venture that for which, on entering the room, he thought he should never find the courage. In a flutter of excellently dissembled modesty Catherine sinks on to the divan. The boy thrusts his hand into his bosom and produces his report on the plot in the Ukraine!

WHY, amongst the multiplicity of his officials, does not a producer like Lubitsch have a Director of Details? Why does he not engage for the French Ambassador an actor who can speak French? Or are there none such in Hollywood? Somebody who would know that the word is "Russie" and not "Roosie"? An actor who knows that no Frenchman pronounces the name of his country as though it rhymed with the Scotch "manse." These may be little things but they count. Actually this film is free-er from this kind of fault than most, and it is from start to finish a very witty frolic and one in which Tallulah gives, in my view, the best performance of her career.

A Place Of One's Own (Plaza) is a good little picture very neatly fashioned out of Sir Osbert Sitwell's admirable ghost story. It has, however, three faults. One sees far too little of Helen Haye. One doesn't see nearly enough of Michael Shepley. There is a love story which I don't think I remember from the book. As against this, the film retains some of the quality of the original. James Mason acts well and convincingly, while Ernest Thesiger contrives in something under two minutes to give a performance that is masterly.



A Place of One's Own is a film adaptation of Sir Osbert Sitwell's novel. In the leading roles are James Mason, Margaret Lockwood and Barbara Mullen seen above in a dramatic moment when Annette, the young companion, faints in Mrs. Smedhurst's arms. The girl is obsessed with the story of a previous occupant of the house, a lovely young girl who was murdered there forty years previously. Annette hears strange voices and is conscious of inexplicable occurrences which upset the smooth running of the house; she becomes very ill and is saved from death only by the appearance of an old doctor who comes from nowhere and disappears again in as strange a manner as he has arrived. In the cast supporting the leading players are Dennis Price as Dr. Selbie (who loves and finally marries Annette), Helen Haye and Michael Shepley as Mrs. and Major Manning-Tutthorn, and Dulcie Gray and Moore Marriott as Sarah and George

Hamilton today, and of a thousand great scenes, hopes, ambitions, that were alive in the gallant heart, beating a few hours since, and now in a little dust quiescent."

I should not believe in Esmond saying to Mr. Addison:—

"I admire your art; the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera, and the virgins shriek in harmony, as our victorious grenadiers march into our villages. . . . You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory; I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous."

THEN came the time when I started going to historical dramas other than Shakespeare's and I believed in them not at all. Thackeray, when he was proposing to write *Esmond*, asked whether History was never to take off her

decided that the historical drama is not only what Stevenson and Henley called "tushery," but tushery for the million.

THEN came the screen, and History took off much more than her peruke. And, of course, the film being a popular entertainment, designed expressly for the million, makers of historical films took care to present their subjects as their public would like them to have been. And quite reasonably. Neither your city clerk nor your Oxfordshire ploughboy wants to see a Henry VIII who is a subject for a doctor's case-book or an Anne Boleyn who is a slut. Nor are they going to believe that the issue of such a union is going to provide this country with the greatest ruler it has ever had. No film could be expected to tell the true story of Catherine of Russia, and we reflect



The Three Caballeros: Donald Duck, Panchito, the Fighting Cock, and José Carioca

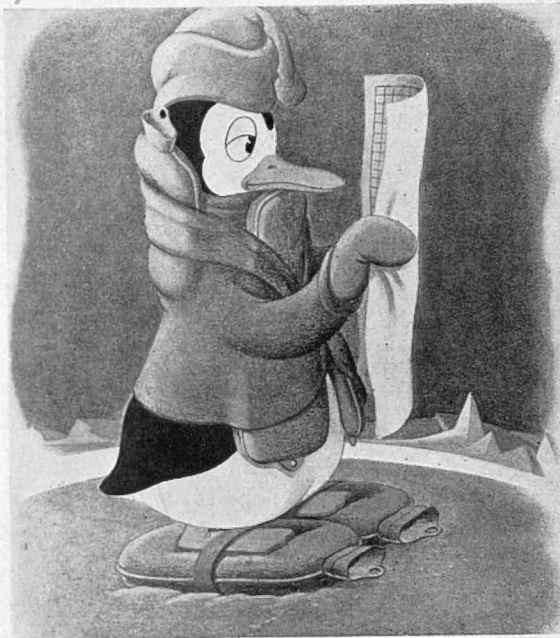


Donald, alighting from his magic carpet at the famous bathing beach of Acapulco, meets a dark-eyed beauty whom he pursues through a series of fantastically imaginative settings

Disney's Latest

"The Three Caballeros"
Combines Well-loved
Animated Characters
With Real Live Beauties

● *The Three Caballeros* was presented at the New Gallery on Monday last in aid of the £1,000,000 Victory (Ex-Services) Club Fund. In this, the latest of Walt Disney's brilliant Technicolor fantasies, famous animated characters of the Disney creation are intermingled with real-life lovelies. Three different adventures, in each of which Donald Duck is the principal character, make up the film: the first introduces Pablo, the cold-blooded Penguin; the second that exceedingly rare bird, the Flying Donkey, and little Gauchito; and the third our old friend, José Carioca, and an entirely new character, Panchito, a Mexican rooster



Pablo, the cold-blooded Penguin, finds it impossible to keep warm in his Antarctic home near the South Pole



Pablo decides to set sail for the tropics. As his iceflow boat reaches warmer seas it breaks up



The Flying Donkey makes off with Gauchito. This is the beginning of a long and beautiful friendship



Gauchito and the Flying Donkey plan to make their fortunes in the Fiesta Horse Race

The Theatre

"Desert Rats" (Adelphi)

DESERT fighting, it has been said, was so fantastic that when you had got to know its ways, when your knees really were browned, the world that was not yellow and parched and scattered with booby traps and roving advanced columns, became hazy and unreal. Not a few who happened to be writing men as well as fighting men must have felt that somewhere in this strangeness was a thundering good play: Captain Colin Morris has written it.

One imagines that most of these projected but unfinished pieces had two things in common with the finished article. The characters belonged to a patrol making a hazardous reconnaissance ahead of the main army; and there was a woman in Cairo to bedevil the relations of two soldiers engaged on the same tough job. One reason why Captain Morris's play beat the others to it may be that he has succeeded in keeping the woman in her place. She is no more than a letter inopportunely read out by her lover in the hearing of her husband, and her only part in the play is to be an invisible pretext for a study of contrasted types of soldierly courage. Her husband has the crusading spirit which, as his commanding officer remarks, wins battles but might lose a war. The lover is less venturesome when faced with "the impossible," but his is the courage that plods the long way round to ultimate victory. In short, it is a play of adventure, concerned simply to make an exciting stage picture of the hazards of the drive from El Alamein to Tunis and the terrific demands

made by the desert war on human endurance. The author accepts things as they were without pausing to inquire whether such things should be. He shows men who are for the most part no heroes gallantly doing heroes' work; and he drives home the point that thirst and hunger and fatigue and wounds can for the time being reduce a man whose nature is idealistic and heroic to the level of a brute.

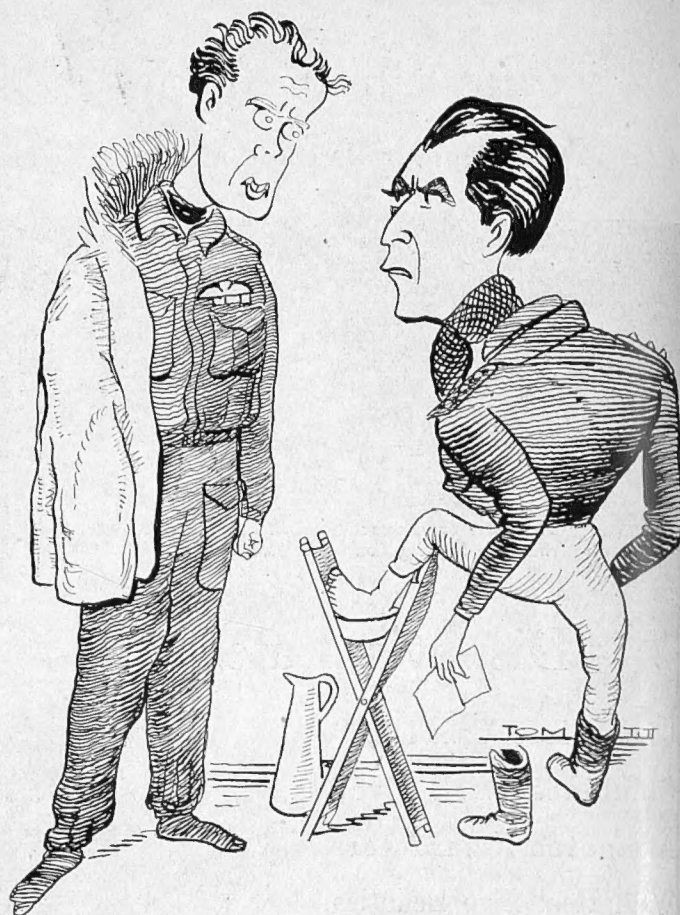
Desert Rats must seem to us a thundering good play, for we cannot but be touched by what is authentic in the spectacle of a patrol's desperate dash for Tripoli, but it is by no means another *Journey's End*. Its characterization is altogether too weak. The two officers whose domestic conflict spins the plot are to be distinguished only by their different views of how the work of the patrol should be carried out and by the circumstance that one of them has unwittingly injured the other by stealing the affections of a woman who—as far as he knows—is just somebody's

wife. All that is good in the play's characterization is briefly concentrated in the minor sketch of Trooper Bates. This little man is

usually called upon to play the camp's lullaby on a mouth-organ—a few bars of a familiar but never hackneyed tune. He himself finds his lullaby in his photographs, one of them showing him a son he has never seen. The gentle humour of this trooper's talk and the pathos of his death are wholly unforced and most moving. The thinness of the characterization and a tendency to let talk go on for rather too long without positive action are faults which most playgoers will make light of. They will find the plain unvarnished tale of physical and moral dangers dared and outfaced sufficiently rewarding.

MR. RICHARD GREENE and Mr. Manning Whiley handle the rival patrol leaders with vigour; Mr. Bill Rowbotham makes a delicately humorous study of Trooper Bates; and the action, handsomely set by Mr. Laurence Irving, is effectively ordered by Mr. Henry Sherek. At the first performance the actors raced their lines, and the difficulty of following some passages was increased by the mischance that every one seemed to be speaking on the same note. No doubt Mr. Sherek has long since got rid of a defect that threatened to be ruinous.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Captain David Scott, M.C., is a daredevil with a fine record of bringing his men back alive; Captain Anthony Palmer, M.C., also a fine soldier, is more orthodox in his methods (Richard Greene and Manning Whiley)

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Men of the desert outpost near Bu Ngem are visited by War Correspondent Geoffrey Davies: (Kieron O'Hanrahan as Trooper O'Neill, Ian Colin as Major Lloyd-Hope, Michael Whittaker as Lieutenant Lord "Jimmie" Eccleston, Norman Williams as Geoffrey Davies, Larry Noble as Lance-Corporal England, Lyn Evans as Sergeant Hooper, M.M.)

"The Shop at Sly Corner"

A Murder Thriller at the St. Martin's



Robert: "Look what I've brought you, my charmer—a Geisha girl's nightdress"

Robert Graham (William Roderick), home from the sea, produces his gifts for the Heiss family, Descius (Keneth Kent), Mathilde (Cathleen Nesbitt) and Margaret (Victoria Hopper)

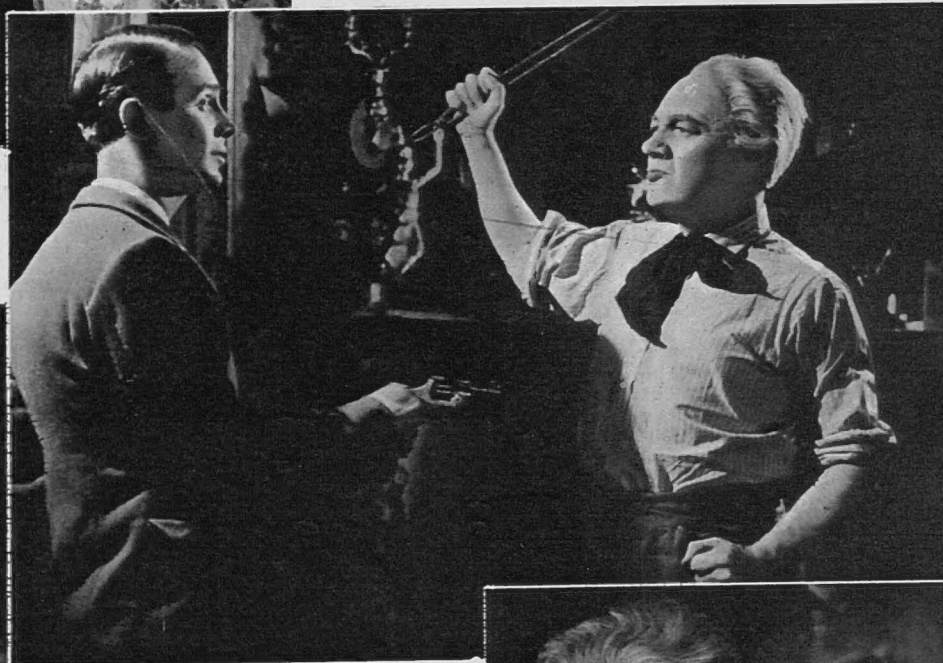


Robert: "It's one of those blow-pipe darts"
Robert discovers a dart in the back of the sofa. It has been shot from a murderous native weapon he brought home from the East (William Roderick, Joyce Heron)



Mrs. Catt: "I've had a beautiful snooze under the kitchen table"

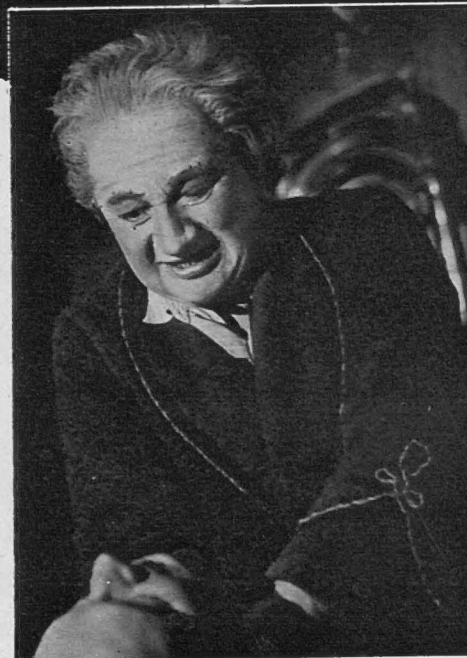
The daily help (Ada Reeve) finds consolation in the bottle



Archie: "I have quite made up my mind"

Archie (John Carol), assistant to Descius, discovers his employer's criminal past and attempts blackmail

● *The Shop at Sly Corner*, by Edward Percy, of *Ladies in Retirement* fame, is the story of a receiver of stolen jewels who finds murder thrust upon him when his nefarious activities are found out. Blackmail, murder, suicide follow in quick succession, maintaining an atmosphere of excitement throughout. Victoria Hopper returns to the West End stage as the receiver's daughter, John Carol is the blackmailer, and Cathleen Nesbitt and Ada Reeve give their customary polished performances. The play is directed by Henry Kendall, with decor by Elizabeth Agombar



Descius, frightened by his assistant's threats of blackmail, murders the boy with his bare hands (Keneth Kent)

Photographs by John Vickers



A Duchess and Two Lieutenant-Colonels

The Duchess of Devonshire was seen chatting with Lt.-Col. Martin, N.S.W., and Lt.-Col. Le Song, of Perth, at the Australian Reception Centre at Eastbourne, where many Australian prisoners of war are staying after their release from German prison camps



The Earl of Carnarvon's Daughter Married

Mr. R. G. A. Van der Woude, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. A. Van der Woude, of Heronden, Eastry, Kent, and New York, married Lady Penelope Herbert, daughter of the Earl of Carnarvon, and of Mrs. Geoffrey Grenfell, at St. Michael the Archangel, Highclere. Above are Lord Porchester, Mrs. R. G. A. Van der Woude, Mr. R. G. A. and Lady Penelope Van der Woude, the Earl of Carnarvon and Mrs. Geoffrey Grenfell

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

VE-Minus

LONG before the official announcement of VE Day, anticipation of the final end of the war in Europe swamped all other considerations.

Their Majesties spent what was to prove the last week-end of the war—the days known militarily as “VE-minus”—at Windsor Castle, with the two Princesses, and motored up to Buckingham Palace on Sunday evening so that the King could be early at his desk on Monday morning, ready for the dramatic developments that were to come. One of the last semi-public appearances of the King and Queen in the war was, appropriately enough, at the gala concert given by the Household Cavalry in their barracks in the Royal Borough. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret accompanied their parents,

and after the performance were entertained to supper by Col. R. Gooch, D.S.O., who commands the Household Cavalry Training Regiment, and his officers.

Royal Academy

THE chief attractions of this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy are undoubtedly the portraits of the King and Queen; one of His Majesty in naval uniform as Admiral of the Fleet, which has been specially painted by Mr. Oswald Birley for hanging in the Painted Gallery at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, and the two State portraits, in Coronation robes, by Mr. Gerald Kelly. Their Majesties brought their two daughters to see these on the day before Private View. They were received by Mr. Gerald Kelly, Keeper of the Royal Academy,

and by Sir Alfred Munnings, the President. Accompanying them were Capt. Sir Harold Campbell, Equerry-in-Waiting, Lady Mary Herbert, in attendance on the Queen, and Sir Ulick Alexander, Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Private View

AT the Private View a large crowd gathered around the Royal portraits all day. Amongst early arrivals were Sir Eric Mieville, the King's Assistant Private Secretary, who came in the morning with Mrs. Idina Mills; Lady Alexander, without whom no Private View Day would be complete; and Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh. (Anthony Devas's portrait of Lady Erleigh attracted a great deal of attention.) The Duchess of Westminster went round the rooms very thoroughly; Lady Annaly spent some time chatting to Dr. Malcolm Sargent and congratulating him on the lovely concert at the Albert Hall in aid of the Children's Clinic of the Battersea Central Mission a few nights previously; and Lady Crossfield brought her adopted son, Paul, who was on his way back to Eton that afternoon.

Sir Alfred Munnings, the new President, was busy all day greeting many friends, including the Hon. William Astor, Lord Astor's son and heir. They are, of course, old friends, as Sir Alfred spent a lot of time at Cliveden in pre-war days, painting Lord Astor's horses. This year



Exhibition in Aid of Polish Welfare

Swabe

An exhibition of paintings by “The School of Paris,” Picasso and his Contemporaries, is being held at the Lefevre Galleries for the Countess of Jersey's appeal in aid of the British Committee for Polish Welfare. The exhibition, which was opened by Lord Jersey, attracted a large number of visitors. Lord and Lady Jersey were photographed with Mme. Massigli



Debut as Chairwoman

Swabe

Lady Loder made a very successful debut in her first venture as chairwoman at the meeting in connection with the Mansion House luncheon to aid the Marie Curie Hospital for Cancer and Allied Diseases. In the picture above Lady Waddilove (in Red Cross uniform) is seen with Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter and Lady Loder



London Wedding

Lt. Ernest Desmond Tyrrell-Martin, R.N.V.R., son of Sir Ernest and Lady Martin, married Eileen, widow of Major C. W. Morris, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, Trefusis, Virginia Water, Surrey, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Childs, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

the President, who is exhibiting seven pictures in all, has only done two of racehorses—his favourite subject. He is exhibiting some lovely landscapes, including one of country given to the National Trust by Sir Robert Acland. Lady Munnings was with Sir Alfred and looked charming in black with silver foxes, her beloved Pekinese tucked under her arm. The Munnings have for many years given a small lunch-party on Private View Day, and their guests this year were Earl and Countess Fortescue, Lord and Lady Ailwyn, Lady Methuen and Sir Walter and Lady Lamb.

Looking at Pictures

LADY PORTAL, wearing black, was there to see the portrait by E. Egerton Cooper of her famous husband, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal; Lady Meyer, looking very pretty in green corduroy, was going round the galleries with her mother, Mrs. Knight. Her husband, Sir Anthony Meyer, is still recovering from serious wounds received in Normandy, but was recently allowed out of hospital for one night, and was able to get home to see for the first time his son and heir, born eight months ago. Mrs. Gerald Kelly was talking to Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hunter near her husband's famous portraits of Their Majesties; Lord and Lady Simon went round the galleries together; so did Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-

Champneys. Lady Marling was wearing a mink coat over her brown dress; Lady Sinclair was waylaid by many friends; the Countess of Middleton looked nice in black; G/Capt. Sir Louis Greig and G/Capt. Lord Willoughby de Broke both came in R.A.F. uniform, and Lady Irene Haig was in her V.A.D. uniform. Others there included Lord Aberdare; Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter, the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett, Mrs. Eva Lutyens, Capt. Bolitho, who was being congratulated on the very nice portrait of his daughter, Loveday, painted by Mr. Gerald Kelly; Lord Courtauld-Thomson, Mrs. Michael Norton Griffiths, Mr. Nigel Colman and Mr. and Mrs. Byrne, who had come to see the portraits in chalk done by her father Mr. Augustus John.

Queen at Concert

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, wearing a turquoise blue dress with a hat to match and lovely diamonds, honoured Lady Waleran and members of the committee with her presence at the concert, organised in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital and Convalescent Home of the Battersea Mission. The concert, which raised over £2000, was held in the Albert Hall, with Dr. Malcolm Sargent as conductor of the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Solomon as soloist. The Queen, who was accompanied

by Princess Elizabeth in her A.T.S. uniform and Princess Margaret, had specially invited a party of repatriated prisoners of war and Service men and women to share the Royal box. They sat with the Queen and the Princesses, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Mary Herbert and Major Arthur Penn.

Retribution

MANY distinguished people have recently been over to the German prison camps at Belsen, Buchenwald and Dachau. Amongst them is Lt. George Prowse, Naval Legal Aide to Admiral Starke, of the U.S. Navy. Lt. Prowse, is head of the U.S. Navy Legal Department in London, and whilst he was in Belsen he met one of Czechoslovakia's most celebrated criminal lawyers, who had been imprisoned for over four years. Lt. Prowse said that this lawyer has secretly kept a complete dossier of every criminal Nazi guard at the camp. Thanks to this record, most of the guards are now in captivity. Lt. Prowse spent one of his few leave days dancing at the May Fair with Miss Isabel Deane, a member of Mr. John Gielgud's repertory company at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Miss Deane's mother, Mrs. E. V. G. Day, is a very gifted painter. She has a picture in this year's Royal Academy.



Children and Parents at the New Walt Disney Film

Members of the committee for the premiere of the "Three Caballeros" brought their children with them to the pre-view of the film while they attended the meeting. Above is Lady Gwendolene Latham with her children, John and Susan



Mrs. Charles Sweeney was also at the pre-view. With her was her son Brian, who seems to be pointing out something of interest, while his sister Frances looks inquiringly at her mother



More Families at Committee Meeting and Pre-view of the "Three Caballeros"

Six-year-old Brian Alexander is the younger son of Field-Marshal Sir Harold Alexander, who recently brought the Italian campaign to so glorious an end. Brian is with his mother, Lady Margaret Alexander, and the Duchess of Norfolk. Lady Margaret Alexander, who is in the W.V.S., is a daughter of the Earl of Lucan

The Duchess of Grafton was there with her two sons, Lord Edward and Lord Michael FitzRoy. Their half-brother, the Earl of Euston, is a captain in the Grenadier Guards, and an A.D.C. to the Viceroy of India. His brother, Lord Charles FitzRoy, was killed in action in Normandy in August of last year

The Royal Academy, 1945



*Field-Marshal the Viscount Wavell, G.C.S.I., G.C.B. ;
by Simon Elwes*

• Victory in the air inspired something like peacetime splendour in the crowds which turned up to the opening of the Royal Academy's 177th Exhibition. This year is already a record for sales: buyers queued at the sales counter, and over £10,000 was taken on Private View Day alone. Dominating the galleries are the two portraits by Mr. Gerald Kelly, R.A., of the King and Queen in their Coronation robes. In the same room are portraits of Field-Marshal Montgomery and Mr. Bevin



*Field-Marshal the Rt. Hon. Jan Christiaan Smuts,
C.H., M.P. ; by Simon Elwes*



*Major-General Charles Miller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O. ;
by W. G. de Glehn, R.A.*



*General Sir Thomas Sheridan Riddell-Webster, K.C.B.,
D.S.O. ; by T. C. Dugdale, R.A.*



*Her Majesty the Queen :
The State Portrait by Gerald Kelly, R.A.*



*His Majesty the King :
The State Portrait by Gerald Kelly, R.A.*

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*Sepoy Kemal Ram, V.C. ;
by Simon Elwes*



*The Late W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, V.C.,
D.S.O., D.F.C. ; by Cuthbert Orde*



*Major-General John Hamilton Roberts,
D.S.O., M.C. ; by T. C. Dugdale, R.A.*

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

STILL a trifle deaf from all that apocalyptic, thunderous fanfaronnade in which the Fleet Street boys indulged on hearing of the death of Hitler—some of them even yelled for a boy and rushed through the unaccustomed pages of Holy Writ—we still feel the ultimate villain responsible for World-War II has not yet been publicly denounced. And he? The Herr Professor-Direktor of the Architectural Department of the Viennese School of Art, 1908.

This is the enemy of mankind who failed ardent young Adolf Schickelgrüber from Braunau in the entrance-examination, wrecked his life's dearest ambition, envenomed his blood, and turned him into a raving wolf. As a professional architect Schickelgrüber (A.) would naturally have designed some pretty vexatious buildings, like most architects; but he would not have avenged frustration, hate, and despair by half-drowning Europe in blood. Pondering this, we paced softly up Portland Place and took a look-see at the palatial R.I.B.A. headquarters. A curious experience. Rich F.R.I.B.A.s and their bodyguards swept in and out, watched by a haggard, sinister crowd gripping portfolios and glaring like frustrated tigers or bereaved apes. The slightest harsh word (such as "lousy") might set those boys off like dynamite.

They are all A.R.I.B.A.s (we were told) who can't draw a spandrel properly, and can therefore never become F.R.I.B.A.s. The hardest thing to draw in a spandrel is the hind legs, apparently.

Any one of those frustrated A.R.I.B.A.s is a potential Schickelgrüber, a starter of World-War III. Ever think of that? Not you.

Afterthought

LET'S not be unfair over this. The Viennese Professor of Architecture may have lunched badly the day Schickelgrüber (A.) submitted his stuff. In which case the chef of Ye Wendy Hutte in the Peterpanstrasse, or wherever professors of the Viennese School of Art lunched in the 1900's, is the culprit. All right, chef, you unspeakable swine. Or is it your frightful parents who are to blame? Or maybe your beastly Aunt Florrie who upset you that morning? How confusing this business of sanctions gets, except for highbrow journalists.

Doubt

VENICE, Ravenna, Genoa—we couldn't help reflecting, as they fell one by one, that Byron should be alive to celebrate,



"Jabber . . . jabber . . . jabber"

in a few vivacious cantos, the release of his old stamping-ground, where he was mixed up in such continuous battle and uproar with girls, apparently.

All round that north Italian countryside exquisite temperamental Titianesque creatures with flashing dark eyes and opulent white bosoms were menacing Byron with daggers, slapping each other, smacking gondoliers, kicking Byron's hats round, dancing tarantellas, leaping into lagoons, threatening suicide, smashing mirrors, upsetting gondolas, gnawing bed-curtains, kissing Byron with tigerish verve, scratching, weeping, biting, swooning, and generally creating merry hell, and all on account of that fascinating fickle curly-haired devil George Gordon, Lord Byron. Or so one gathers from his letters to friends. There were no witnesses.

Naturally he enjoyed restful moments as well, such as we recently celebrated in the pensive lines, written in a tall, dreamy girl's album:

When the Countess Guiccioli
Spoke of diamonds, rather drolly,
Ordering his gondola
Byron ceased to fondola.

But on the whole we sympathise with the freezing way you cricket-fans treat the poetry boys, who are often cads. Most of 'em ought to be in journalism.

Illusion

RIPPING up one of our most precious illusions, a knowledgeable chap informed Auntie Times last week that the light in the Clock Tower at Westminster was placed there not as a solemn symbol of the enlightenment the world owes to Parliamentary boys, but as a means of informing mid-Victorian M.P.s who dined out whether the House was still sitting at a late hour, thereby saving them a useless and maybe a fatal return journey.

This was humanitarian enough, Heaven knows. The customary 10 or
(Concluded on page 206)



"I recognised your 'Still Life' immediately, old chap—same old frame"



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Field-Marshal Sir B. L. Montgomery, K.C.B., D.S.O.: By James Gunn

Standing By ...

(Continued)

12-course dinner of the 1850's always included a *sorbet* or water-ice, served mid-way, to enable diners to get their second wind. Even then many Whig M.P.s finished dinner dead, or in a coma. Other Whigs maybe were merely drunk, oozing rectitude and completely shellacked. In great Tory houses, we gather from Greville's and other memoirs, the butler usually entered about 1 a.m. and announced: "Light in the Clock Tower, if you please, m'lady." A great yell then went up: "Out!" and the footmen bundled all Whigs into the square and locked the front door. As there was no light in the Clock Tower, the ejected either fell down again and passed out, or were run over by hansoms, or kidnapped by lubricant manufacturers and boiled down for the oil, or whatnot. There was never any Whig-shortage, because Whigs spawn so freely.

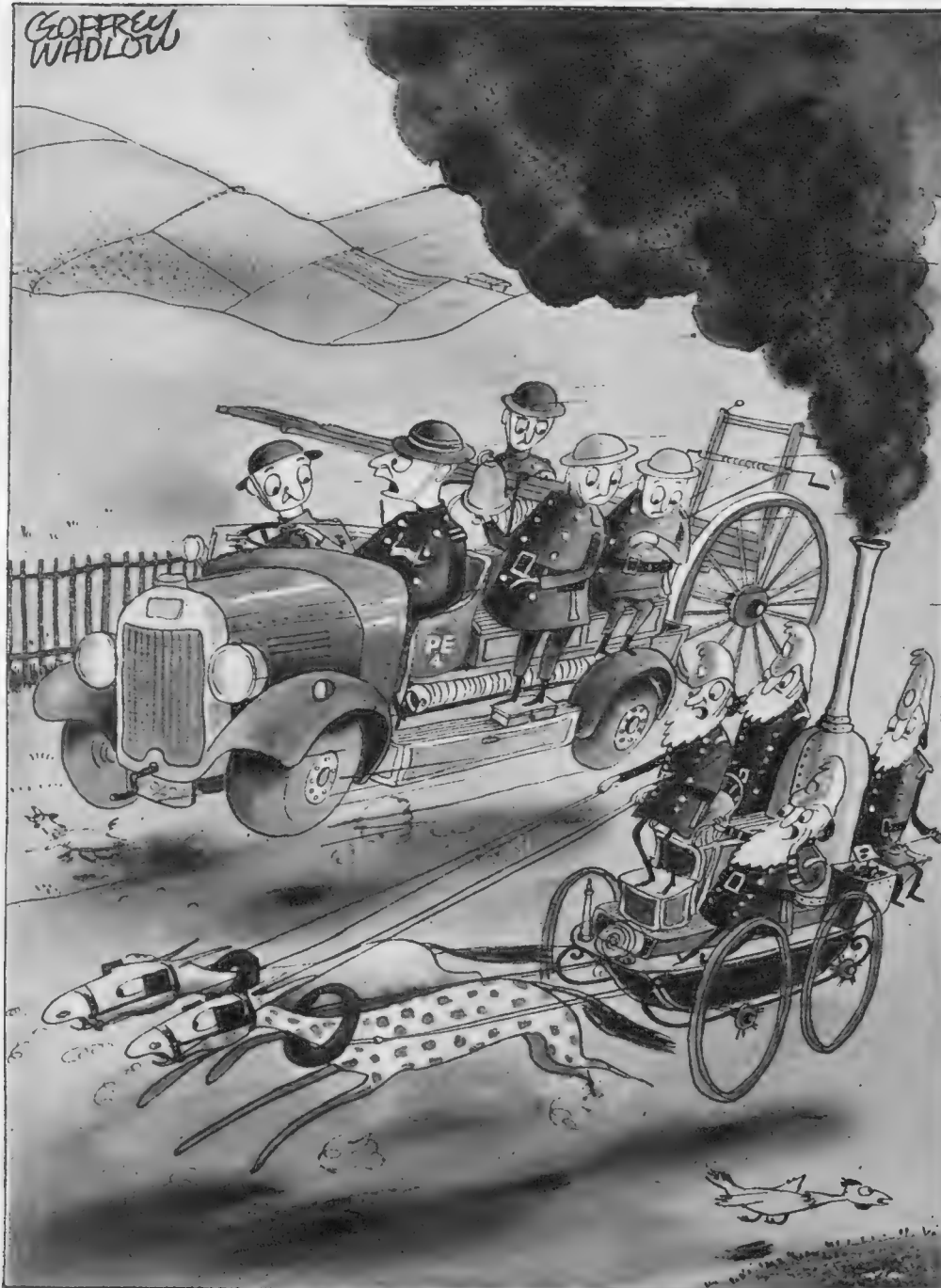
Footnote

TORY M.P.s of the same mid-Victorian period, hard men to hounds, often provided leading Whig hostesses with a similar problem by their after-dinner habit of waking suddenly, mistaking expensive opera sopranos for "tubed" horses, and leaping at their throats with corks. But all the world, irrespective of party, loves a British sportsman. "There is a *je-ne-sais-quoi* about these handsome hardbitten devils," great ladies would say, removing a stray spur from their bustle and fanning themselves. But Whigs—pouah!

Parade

THAT presentation the other day of the Longstaff Medal of the Chemical Society to an eminent professor moved us to ask one of the science boys the object, if any, of presenting gold and silver medals to scientists who never wear them.

He said they do. He said every time the Royal Society holds a presidential full-dress review and march past they wear all they possess, and the President sometimes



"I don't know who they are, but it's going to look very bad if they get there first"

bursts into tears and embraces his old bemedalled *groggnards* as he passes down the line. Often, in the case of the chemical boys, he is half-asphyxiated during this process. Sometimes a large gold medal will practically hide a tiny, spotty biologist, who has to be lifted up for a kiss. Then the quavering cry "*Vivat Scientia!*" rings out, the guard of honour presents test-tubes, and emotion is intense.

"You wear the Gold Rûmbelgûtz and bar, mon enfant."

"Yes, mon Président."

"Your mother would be very—had you a mother, bon enfant?"

"Yes, mon Président."

"Good God."

With a vague, kindly smile and a stooping pat on the head, like Papa Joffre at St. Cyr, the President passes on. On the left are the *invalides*, bandaged but glorious; bitten by laboratory rats and guineapigs, blown up by unsuspectingly explosive compounds, swept up by shortsighted landladies with brooms, hacked by jealous colleagues, suffering from schizophrenia, dyspepsia, and hives, persecution-mania, acne, and dementia praecox. For each there is a sympathetic handclasp and a gracious word. Then (said this science boy) a salute of fifty laboratory-assistants is, or are, fired, and the review is over. He may be a liar.

Freeman

WHAT the freedom of Bath, recently offered by that agreeable city to Mr. Churchill, implies is not merely the run of the Pump-Room and bumpers of chalybeate on the Corporation, a chap in close touch assures us.

There is unfortunately no Master of Ceremonies in office at this moment, this chap says, or a Freeman of Bath would have the right to defy him publicly by wearing the wrong kind of hat in the evening or bowing to the tradespeople, or going about in broad daylight in riding-boots, like that awful Lord Peterborough, whom not even the Dictator Nash could force to toe the line. Etiquette in the King's Hot Bath also gives way to freemen, who (if in roguish mood) can splash any lady they please; there is a Rowlandson print showing a kind of panic in the Bath among several stout ladies and gentlemen owing to this privilege. And finally, this chap adds, a freeman can go round crying that Jane Austen bores the pants off him without turning out the Bath cops and being slung into the cooler forthwith.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



John Vickers

Vivien Leigh

In a Hellzapoppin' Comedy-Drama
"The Skin of Our Teeth"

At the Phoenix Theatre to-night Vivien Leigh will be seen in *The Skin of Our Teeth*, written by Thornton Wilder and originally produced in New York two or three years ago with Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March in the leading parts. The play is described as a history of the human race in comic strip—part comedy, part allegory, part sheer nonsense and part serious thinking. It covers the history of one George Antrobus and his family over roughly five thousand years, during which they survive the Ice Age, the Flood and finally a great war which might be this or any other war. Time and space are telescoped, the underlying idea being that, come what may, we have a habit of scraping through "by the skin of our teeth." With Vivien Leigh are Cecil Parker, Ena Burrill and Joan Young



Fox Cottage, Kineton

At Home in Warwickshire

Lady Willoughby de Broke and Her
Children in the Garden



A Family Party in the Garden



Lady Willoughby de

● Lady Willoughby de Broke lives with her husband, Lord Willoughby de Broke, at home, Fox Cottage, Kineton, Warwickshire. Lady Willoughby de Broke, M.C., A.F.C., of Warwickshire, was formerly a captain in the 19/21st Lancers from 1938, and a daughter, Susan, who is three years old, drives a mobile canteen for the Y.M.C.A. while in her spare time she is busy helping out of the late Sir Bouchier Sherard Wroth.

Photographs by

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Cricket at Eastbourne: the Australian Imperial Forces Team v. The Bexhill Cricket Club

D. R. Stuart

The A.I.F. team declared at 165 for 3 wickets. Lindsay Hassett, the Test team cricketer, who toured this country with the Australians before the war, captained the side. Sitting: R. Farquar, F. Shearwin, Lindsay Hassett, A. L. Baker, E. W. Shaw. Standing: Capt. R. S. Whittington, O. Stringer, D. Mills, C. C. Pepper, W. Kennedy, C. F. T. Price, —, Penney (umpire)

Bexhill Cricket Club scored 39 for 9 wickets, and so drew with the Australian Imperial Forces team. Sitting: B. Hartley, J. Dann (captain), Lindsay Hassett (A.I.F. captain), P. Godsmark, H. Kiff. Standing: —, Funell (umpire), H. D. Smith, A. Pearson, S. Hopkins, H. E. Gabriel, W. Hickman, S. Howard, G. Hall

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

London, 1939-1945

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous
in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who
brought thy walls annoy.

(LORD MACAULAY: "Ivry.")

Alexander—Harold—"Stone wall"—Alexander

THIS is the appropriate chronological order. Only one of these brilliant warriors had any real unsucces, and even he might not have had if his troops had done what he told them to do! If the Saxons had not been goaded into losing their heads at Senlac, 1066 and *All That* could never have been written! Of the first gentleman on the list, it is recorded that he invariably slept with a copy of Homer and his sword under his pillow; and we know, further, that he was the only man who could stay with Bucephalus, his bull-headed, buck-jumping first charger. His namesake, the last gentleman on the list, has likewise shown the world how

to take the steel out of a real outlaw; and he has also shown it how to overcome a stone wall. Had any General in history such a country to cross as had Alexander the Second? It is against the rules to try to go steeplechasing pace over walls, and a nice hunting one is suggested as being safer. But when he had thrown the walls behind him, and had fair grass and a few brooks ahead, how he set the good steed alight, and how magnificently that staunch animal responded! The speed was what did it. But the thing which was hardest was the period during which he had to sit still and suffer. That is the acid test of the first-class jockey.

What a Record!

ONE of the last two Harrow wickets in "Fowler's Match" v. Eton; the last man off the beach at Dunkirk; the man who pulled a whole army out of the fire in Burma, and then turned and fought, and stopped the Huns of

the East overrunning India; the man of North Africa, the great turning-point of this war; the man of Sicily and Italy, and now the man who has topped the score all down through the ages. Someone else, who also carried his bat, besides the dukedom, was entitled Marquess of Douro, Prince of Waterloo in Netherlands, Duque de Cuidad Rodrigo, Duque da Victoria, Marquez de Torres Vedras and Conde de Vimiera. In still earlier days, they used to give the successful soldier as much of the corn land as he could plough round in a day, and they also loaded him with gold and crowns of bayleaf. They also set up a really good statue in his honour, and ordered their best master of epic verse to sing a song of praise. We are able to do all these things to-day, so I believe—all, that is, excepting the last two, if one may judge by something set up in Whitehall just in front of the War Office in honour of a warrior. Macaulay, unfortunately, has not yet been reincarnated, neither has Kipling.

Newmarket Opinion

A VERY wise judge at racing G.H.Q. is not a very confident about their chances of having a very great say in the earlier classics, but he says nothing about the autumn one, or the big all-in wrestling contests such as the Gold Cup, the Jockey Club Cup, in which I think headquarters may be very closely concerned. Writing to me just before the Guineas, my friend said: "The Derby seems very open. I have no idea what will win, and am not impressed by the horses I have seen here."

(Concluded on page 212)



"How Are They at Home?"

The first amateur performance of this play was given recently at the Royal Hall, Harrogate. F/Lt. Sebastian Shaw, the stage and screen actor, produced the show with members of a Yorkshire R.A.F. station in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. In six performances they raised £400



R.A.F. Production in the Azores

"Men in Shadow," by Mary Hayley-Bell, was presented by the R.A.F. in the Azores in their theatre, which holds over 200. They originally planned to adapt the play to an all-male cast, but the opportune arrival of some nurses solved their problem

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Sun Storm seems a genuine sort, and Nightingall has plenty of good trying-tackle with which to gallop him. Dante, I suppose, will win the Guineas, and this race should help to solve the Derby situation, but I cannot imagine his staying 1½ miles. I only wish I could think Rising Light were good enough, but I fear that he is not. It would be wonderful if he won it in this year of (I hope) peace. All that I can say in favour of the King's colt is that he will stay the distance!

[This is something to know, anyway, and more than can be said with any certainty about a good many of them. But, of course, my friend



Young Conservative Candidate

Capt. Roy Lowndes, who is the thirty-three-year-old Conservative candidate for Clapham, has just returned from a P.O.W. camp in Germany. He recently delivered a speech to his supporters which had been partly written in a German prison camp

is right, for this nice colt has no honours list—so far.—“S.”] Sun Stream ran a good race here last week, but I thought Exotic won very easily, and I do not see why she should not beat her again in the One Thousand.” Personally, I have never considered Sun Stream as a probable winner over a short course. She may win the Oaks, but I fancy that Mrs. Feather will give the very best of them a bit of a doing before they beat her. (More anon—by telephone.) There is no market at the moment on the Leger, but when there is I anticipate that the price they put on Lord Derby's beautiful filly will not be a long one. At the moment I like her better than any of them for the long journey. We cannot be cocksure about anything until we have seen more—much more!

Parable

IN the times when the Fine Flower of English chivalry was at its peak, there existed a class of young woman whose sole desire, so it seems, was to get itself purloined either by a dragon or some vagrom Knight of the Black Lawns (and even blacker character) and shut up in some Donjon Keep, guarded by some most unpleasant lions. Having done this, she proceeded to send off the under-housemaid, or her equally Tiring maid, with an S.O.S. to Camelot, demanding to be rescued by Sir Lancelot, or, if he was too busy flirting, Sir Galahad, Sir Gareth, or anyone, excepting the Mess President, Sir Kay,



New Peer's Son

Major The Hon. Tom Hazlerigg is now at R.A.F. Group H.Q. as liaison representative for the Army. He won his R.A.F. wings as a weekend flyer before the war, and was on the reserve of R.A.F. officers. His father, Sir Arthur Grey, H.M. Lieutenant of the County of Leicester, was made a Baron in the New Year Honours

stating that the thing should be treated as Priority A. This invariably happened at the very moment when the whole Table Round thought that things were set fair for peace, and that everyone could buy himself a nice little bucket and spade and go off to the seaside for a spot of paddling, sending his armour to the garrison ironmonger for repair and refurbishing. However, as rules were rules and the C.O. was a martinet, someone just had to go, whether he wanted to or not. It sometimes happened that when Sir Gareth, or Sir Galahad, or whoever it was, arrived off the Donjon with his Churchill tank, or Sancho Panza, in line astern, he found the whole thing was phoney; the lions were dead from foot-and-mouth disease; the Dragon was sitting in the summer-house weeping copious tears of mustard gas and biting his nails in hysteria; or the Bad Knight, with a smear of lipstick and teeth-marks on his nose, was jibbering with funk and cold in his tattered dress-shirt of chain-mail, and begging Sir Galahad to go into the Donjon and keep the Lady Lyonors busy long enough to let him get a good start and hare it up to town to see his solicitor. The *Idylls of the King* make no direct mention of this, but their talented author hints at it quite definitely, for he says that “he that told the tale in older times says that Sir Gareth wedded Lyonors, but he, that told it later, says Lynette!” Lyonors sent out the S.O.S. I think we may draw our own conclusions



Paddock Personalities: by "The Tout"

Sir William Cooke, staunch patron of Jelliss's Newmarket stable, owns a very handsome filly in Happy Grace, half sister to last season's classic disappointment, Happy Landing. Both were bred by Sir William, but Happy Landing now belongs to Mr. Walter Hutchinson, and has gone to stud. Major Burns-Hartopp, probably discussing future classics with one of the judges, Sir Kenneth Gibson, used to be Master of the Quorn hounds. Although now in the "eighties" he seldom misses a Newmarket meeting. Mr. Peter McCall, just back after several years in a P.O.W. camp in Germany, is a nephew of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, and used to assist his uncle at headquarters. Mr. Jim Freeman has just been appointed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club to be their Public Relations Officer in conjunction with the Racecourse Betting Control Board. He has been Sporting Editor of the "Daily Mail" for eighteen years, and takes up his new duties next October

London Newsreel

Opening of the Academy
and a Film Premiere



Lady Alexander was one of the earliest arrivals at the Private View

● Private View Day at Burlington House brought together many prominent members of London life. Among early arrivals apart from those seen on this page were the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Simon, and Lady Simon. A few of the portraits hung this year are reproduced on pages 202 and 203. More will be included in our issue next week



Husbands and Wives Who Came Together to See the Pick of This Year's Paintings
Lord and Lady Milne



Lord and Lady Brabazon



Sir Holman and Lady Gregory



Sir Lacy and Lady Vincent



Viscount and Viscountess Erleigh with Lord and Lady Reading

More Family Pictures Taken in the Courtyard of Burlington House



Mrs. Gilbert Frankau, wife of the author, talked to Mr. Louis Golding, of "Magnolia Street" fame



Sir Osbert Sitwell is the author of the book upon which the film, "A Place of One's Own," is based



Cdre. A. W. S. Agar, who was awarded the Victoria Cross in World War I., brought his wife and daughter

Some of the Distinguished Audience at the Plaza Theatre Premiere

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Puppets?

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S *Time Must Have a Stop* (Chatto and Windus; 9s. 6d.) is a novel that only "breaks" about half-way through. Up to that point, one is reading on tenterhooks—not because the scenes or characters are intrinsically exciting, but because one feels them to be employed for some purpose, or to be guided by some intention, not so far revealed. When the purpose, or the intention, has emerged, one looks back and finds that the early chapters have, retrospectively, gained force.

They need this force. Until it begins to operate we would seem to be entertained by a puppet-show—almost, I felt from time to time, by a semi-contemptuous parody of an Aldous Huxley novel. Mr. Huxley has not given us a novel for some time. It would appear (that is, up to the turning-point) that, having decided to give us *Time Must Have a Stop*, he had unpacked and blown the dust off his puppets, refurbished their paint and varnish with such satirical daubs as to disclaim their pretence to human reality, and restrung them upon their wires to jerk and jibber. To jerk and jibber—why? At the beginning, the showman's face is hidden: we do not know whether, behind the screens of the puppet theatre, he is mockingly whistling under his breath, or whether he is frowning with intensity.

Does he set the puppets in play to amuse and shock us—as their less unconvincing predecessors, in earlier Huxley novels, amused and shocked? For, whether or not the Aldous Huxley of round about twenty years ago did write to épater le bourgeois, he certainly succeeded in doing so. And, speaking as one of the bourgeois, how I enjoyed it! Remembering that enjoyment, I asked myself, during the first part of *Time Must Have a Stop*, whether I, perhaps, had grown very old since I first read *Chrome Yellow*, *Antic Hay* and *Those Barren Leaves*. Or do I take more for granted? Or is it the war—or what?

Just, however, when my wonder had reached its climax, the screens parted: the showman's face appeared. He was not whistling. And, better, his large intention came into view: and from then on assumed command.

Paradoxes

A STRING of paradoxes must run through any criticisms of *Time Must Have a Stop*. First, from the point where the novel becomes eminently, even imperatively, worth reading, it becomes ten times more difficult to read: it ceases to be social comedy and becomes manifesto. Second, one of the principal characters only begins to live when he is dead—from the moment when Uncle Eustace collapses in a retired part of his house, he ceases to be a puppet and becomes a not unmajestic, self-damned

soul, in whose sufferings we feel the more painful implications of humanity. Third, the subject of this novel is the human soul; yet it must rely for the mechanism without which no novel can speak on a cast of (with one-and-a-half exceptions) soulless characters. Fourth, the indefinable but depressing out-of-dateness of the characters (or types) throughout the main, 1928, part of the story is intentional, as the 1944 epilogue makes clear, but, owing to this delay-action on Mr. Huxley's part, we have merely suffered what we should have been able to comprehend, stigmatise and enjoy.

Time Must Have a Stop has the guise, and, where Mr. Huxley chooses, some of the most brilliant qualities, of a novel; but is a tract. It is a religious tract. The religion has, so far as I know, no name: it is not Christianity, but does not come into conflict with Christian tenets. As expounded by Mr. Huxley, sometimes through one of the characters (Bruno), sometimes more directly, it is a mystique rather than a doctrine. (On second thoughts, can one expound a mystique?) I think it is a tribute to the book that one resists, with uneasiness, sometimes anger, what comes to one from its important passages. One's resistance may or may not be



Brodrick Vernon

Madame Hugo Gouthier, who is the lovely wife of the recently-appointed First Secretary to the Brazilian Embassy in London, M. Hugo Gouthier, is renowned in her own country for chic; she is indeed a decorative addition to London's Corps Diplomatique. Both she and her husband visited this country before the war, and already have many friends over here. They are now living in a charming roof-top flat overlooking Grosvenor Square

successful. On me, the book's effect was profound.

Florentine House-Party

HOWEVER, *Time Must Have a Stop* is classified as a novel, and will be read as one; and as a novel I shall from now discuss it. As such, it does gain by the concentration of Mr. Huxley's more troubling qualities into the expository passage: elsewhere adroitness, lightness and comicality reign. He has never been—and, I imagine, would never claim to be—one of our fine school of English character-drawing novelists. His settings, and his intellectual fireworks, have always been more memorable than his people—who, like the cast of a morality play, are cut-outs, each representing not so much a virtue or a vice as a way of thought, a mania or a habit. He is suspicious of sensuality, and all his sensual characters are grotesques. His sensuousness finds outlet in superb depictions (in fact, something less superficial than depictions) of interiors, architecture, cities, gardens, moods, seasons and times of day. Let me draw your attention to Eustace Barnack's Florentine drawing-room, on p. 113. And, again, to what is still better: Sebastian's exalted return to the villa after the afternoon with his cousin Bruno in Florence.

... It was with an imagination haunted by the frescoes of San Marco and the Medicean tombs that Sebastian finally made his way home. The sun was already low as he walked up the steep and dusty road to the villa; there were treasures of blue shadow, expanses not of stone or stucco, but of amber, trees and grass glowing with supernatural significance. Blissfully.

(Concluded on page 216)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

GRANTED that in these days visiting consists in going

By Richard King

from one kitchen-sink to another, I am not quite sure that I do not prefer such entertainment to the one which began, "What would you like to do to-day?"—followed by the inevitable reply, "Just whatever you would like to do yourself, dear." After which, one always felt as if one were bordering on a nuisance whatever one did.

There is nobody quite so dull as the person who, without entertainment, immediately droops. They never know what to do with themselves, and, sooner or later, nobody else knows what on earth to do with them. You see them wandering in droves about the streets, anxiously waiting for something to happen. I am sure that half the people who go out and get sozzled do so in the knowledge that alcohol tends to make the ordinary appear extraordinary. Otherwise, cocktail-parties would fall completely flat and dinner-parties become deadly. One simply could not endure the kind of conversation which usually they supply on anything so weak as apple-juice.

That is why, with visitors in the house, breakfasts are always a strain. Consequently, a mutual visit to the kitchen-sink may be counted as diversion. No one can put on an act of wit and gaiety with a dirty plate in one hand and a dish-cloth in the other. Life can so easily become fun when people are forced to supply their own. It is when the fun is organised that the subconscious mind is haunted by the problem of why on earth we didn't stop at home. People who, since the war, have learnt to do so much more for themselves have also learned to

be much nicer to others. Personally, I hope we shall never go back to the days when one lolled in an arm-chair, rang the bell and asked Bridget to put some more coal on the fire.

Even visiting—a form of recreation of which I was never fond—has become more pleasant. One is no longer dragged on to golf-courses, or towards a tennis-lawn, encouraged to share a walk with the dog, or driven to beauty-spots and expected to talk all the while. There used to be an art in visiting, just as there is still an art in love—the secret of which is never to go on too long. That little more, and how much it seems, no longer applies. Nowadays you are welcome to stay just so long as it takes you to mow the entire lawn.

Formerly, the best part of a visit was often in the greeting and good-bye. Now, the best part starts when everybody in the house begins his job; culminating in pleasure when, as night falls and jobs are done, everybody can relax and get to know each other. Thus familiar intercourse becomes one of the rarer jewels bestowed by each twenty-four hours. No one is expected to give of one's social "best" when on all-fours swabbing the pantry-floor. There is no necessity nowadays to have "Important Letters" to write simply to obtain a mental rest. One can obtain the second wind of social amiability just as well by dusting the rarely-used back bedroom. A temperamental domestic becomes plain funny when you can do all she has been asked to do yourself. And most women will be infinitely nicer and more amusing as a consequence. They won't have so much time to think about their glamour.

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"
Review of Weddings



Seymour — Hambro

Major William Napier Seymour, The Scots Guards, only son of the late Lieut.-Col. Charles Seymour, D.S.O., and of Mrs. Seymour, 127, Cranmer Court, S.W.3, married Miss Mary Hambro, youngest daughter of Angus Hambro, M.P., and Mrs. Hambro, of Milton Abbas, Dorset, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Clark — Hazeldine

Cdr. David G. Clark, R.N., of H.M.S. Vernon, and son of the late Col. Clark, of Hallwhistle, Northumberland, married Miss Patricia Hazeldine, daughter of Lady Ricketts, of Surrenden Crescent, Wuldean, Brighton, at Roedean College Chapel, Brighton



Sturges-Wallace—Rivers-Calvert

Lt. Hugh Sturges-Wallace, Royal Marines' younger son of the Rev. Canon A. Ross-Wallace, Headmaster of Sherborne School, and Mrs. Ross-Wallace, married Miss Kathleen Fiona Rivers-Calvert, daughter of the late Capt. S. E. Rivers-Calvert (I.A.), and late B.O.C. Ltd., and Mrs. Calvert, of Yenau Yang, Burma, at Sherborne Abbey



Cotton—Mackenzie Wallis

Capt. William O. Cotton, R.A., only son of the late W. B. Cotton, I.C.S., married Miss Mary Mackenzie Wallis, younger daughter of the late Dr. R. I. Mackenzie Wallis, and Mrs. Mackenzie Wallis, of 106, Harley Street, W.1, at Marylebone Parish Church

White — Smallwood

Capt. W. F. White, The Buffs, son of the late Mrs. White, and of Mr. White, of Coombe Malden, married Sub. Kathleen Smallwood, A.T.S., daughter of the late Mr. Ernest Smallwood, and Mrs. Smallwood, of Camberley, Surrey, at St. Martin-in-the-Fields



Synge — Hawkins

Capt. Brian Thackery Synge, Irish Guards, elder son of Capt. W. T. Synge, and of Mrs. Synge, of Stoke Meadow, Stoke Poges, married Miss Alison P. Hawkins, only daughter of Brig. Victor F. S. Hawkins, D.S.O., M.C., and Mrs. Hawkins, of Bailey's Hotel, S.W.7, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Parsons — Glover

Major Arthur C. Parsons, R.A., elder son of Mr. Arthur Parsons, and Mrs. Parsons, of Sherfield Hall, Basingstoke, married Miss Veronica R. de Courcy Glover, Junior Commander, A.T.S., elder daughter of Major-Gen. Sir G. de C. Glover, K.B.E., and Lady Glover, of The Cottage, Berry Pomeroy, Totnes, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Garforth — Kempe

Major W. S. H. Garforth, R.A., only son of Col. W. Garforth, and Mrs. Garforth, of Hurlingham, London, married Miss Rosemary June Kempe, W.R.N.S., elder daughter of Mr. J. E. Kempe, and Mrs. Kempe, of Knighton, Radnorshire, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Priscilla in Paris

DO.A.H. (Which means—you have guessed it—Dear Ones At Home.) Jerking out the words between the big, gulping sobs that ended a naughty tantrum, a little girl said to me the other day: "Oh dear, it's or'fay dif'cult to be good." There was almost adult despair in her voice and I felt deeply sympathetic. I think that we are all, just now, rather like that little girl and are finding things "awfully difficult" without the possibility, for most of us, of indulging in tantrums that, although they certainly do no good, may be put into the same healing class as, "a good cry" or a "nice cup of tea." A good cry is easier to achieve than the nice cup of tea, though dignity forbids, and even handkerchiefs are wearing out and face-creams and powder are running low; as for the tea . . . 'nuf sed! We ought not to grouse and grumble, and most of us do try not to. We switch on the wireless and count our blessings. The spring weather is gorgeous, the prisoners are coming back and the news is wonderful. But the news is getting farther and farther away, and after having been in the midst of the storm so long, after having struggled in eddies and whirlpools and kept our chins above water by miracle, we suddenly find ourselves high and dry, disconcertingly safe and staring at the receding tide with amazement and—let it be whispered very low and written in microscopic print—regret.

It's so much easier to be heroic than it is to be humdrum! And what else is being asked of all the brave young people who thronged to the barricades in Paris last August than kindly to become good and humdrum again? To go back to school or workshop, to kitchen or laundry, to take up the daily drudgery of education, domesticity or wage-earning. More than half of them simply won't do it. That is why the recruiting stations are cluttered with untrained volunteers; why the railway stations, when the prisoners' trains arrive, are crowded

with girls and boys who have "come to help," but whose aid could easily be dispensed with, since they do little else than stand around and giggle, resent orders and cannot understand why these weary men do not respond to their boisterous greetings.

The housewife who risked imprisonment, deportation, or worse because she was hiding a refugee, a soldier, a Jewish friend or her own menfolk who were "wanted" by Vichy or the Occupants, and who performed miracles to obtain extra food, no longer has the incentive or patience to line up in the interminable queues that have to be endured before she can purchase the bunch of carrots, the cabbage, the bundle of leeks or the weekly allowance of 4 ozs. of butcher's meat (bones included) that is all she can officially expect. As for obtaining the unofficial steak or the greatly-needed dab of butter with which to cook it, there again the problem grows daily more

difficult. This reminds me of the good old giggles we used to enjoy when, during Occupation, we listened to the early-morning chats by the B.B.C. on "the kitchen front." Those economical dishes of which the recipes were so carefully given filled us with joy—if nothing else—for, although they were certainly economical compared to pre-war days, they were all far, far beyond the possibilities of our larders.

When I started this letter, I had no intention of touching on the food question, but, malgré moi, I seem to have worked round to it. Our souls are in our tummies nowadays. Perfectly disgusting.

(Since writing the above, I have spent an hour juggling with the telephone in order to try to book seats for friends who live out of town and who want to take a Canadian visitor to a show to-night. It appears as if Night Life is the only pre-war state of things in Paris at time of writing, judging by the "house full" replies one gets from all the theatres and music-halls; as to the cabarets, the tables are booked up for days ahead. Of course, most of the joy-makers are men on leave or—like my friends—people who are entertaining them, and this is as it should be.)

To return to our muttons, however—though mutton is never on the bill of fare at the butcher's, who only seems to have the less appetising parts of the "beeves" to sell—the dispirited atmosphere that is now prevalent is only, of course, a phase that we shall snap out of pretty soon. Rest-houses, foyers and homes for the returning prisoners are cropping up everywhere, and will need any amount of energy, self-denial and ingenuity to make them a success. The winter curtains that have not already been cut up to make winter coats are being converted into blankets and bed-quilts, their linings will have to serve as sheets, if they have not been made into shirts or dresses, and last summer's hats, that were monstrosities as head coverings, will make dandy lampshades!

There is plenty of hard work ahead for all, and that is the best cure in the world for the what's-the-good-of-anything blues. You, D.O.A.H., have shown us this over and over again, and are still doing so. May we follow your shining example.

PRISCILLA.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

in a mood of effortless alertness and passivity, like a wide-eyed somnambulist, who sees, but with senses not his own, who feels and thinks, but with emotions that no longer have a personal reference, a mind entirely free and unconditioned, he moved through the actual radiance round him, through the memories of what he had lately seen and heard—the huge, smooth marbles, the saint's diaphanous in the whitewashed monastery cells, the words that Bruno had spoken as they came out of the whitewashed monastery chapel.

"Michelangelo and Fra Angelico—apotheosis and deification."

. . . But meanwhile here was the goat again, the one that had been eating wistaria buds under the head-lamps that first evening with Uncle Eustace. But this time it had a half-ruminated rose in its mouth—like Carmen in the opera—so that it was to the imagined strains of "*Toreador, toreador*" that it advanced to the gates of its garden and, slowly chewing on the rose, looked out at him through the bars. In the yellow eyes the pupils were two narrow slots of the purest, blackest mindlessness.

The actuality of that goat, the perpetuity of that blue-and-amber Florentine evening, are denied by Mr. Huxley to his characters. We have horrid little Sebastian, son of John and nephew to Eustace Barnack: Sebastian is seventeen, looks like a della Robbia Angel, feels like a Don Juan, behaves like a mutt, and writes poetry unsuccessfully modelled on the early poems of Aldous Huxley. His father, a political prig, refuses to let him have a dinner-jacket. His uncle, an elderly enfant terrible, invites him out to Florence, gives him a Degas drawing and promises him a dinner-jacket—but then, unhappily, dies. Also staying at the Florentine villa are Uncle Eustace's mother-in-law, Mrs. Gamble, and her companion, the young widow, Veronica Thwale. Mrs. Thwale—as nasty a little piece of work as you could wish—seduces Sebastian. Sebastian sells the Degas in order to buy a dinner-jacket—thereby setting in motion a chain of injustices which culminate in the arrest by the Fascists of his cousin Bruno.

Bruno is a saint: one never doubts his quality, nor does he ever enter the puppet class. Eustace Barnack—whose death is that turning-point of which I spoke—is an exceedingly sympathetic character. The accounts of the spiritualist séances (sponsored by Mrs. Gamble), not from the point of view of the living but from that of the dead Eustace, are as remarkable as anything in fiction. Mrs. Gamble herself, by the way, is a comedy masterpiece: every scene she enters has a Jane Austen-like sharpness. I commend to you, also, Mr. Poulshot—Sebastian's uncle-by-marriage, who lives in Hampstead.

"You're looking well," said Eustace, as they shook hands.

"Well?" Mr. Poulshot repeated in an offended tone. "Get Alice to tell you about my sinus some time."

Ack-Ack

"**ACK-ACK:** With Gun and Searchlight Crews at Work and Play," has been published, at the modest price of 1s., by the Anti-Aircraft Welfare Fund (19, Catherine Place, S.W.1), and the proceeds of the sale will go to the Fund. The Foreword is contributed by General Sir Frederick Pile, Bt., D.S.O., M.C., G.O.C.-in-C., A.A. Command.

As I write, for months we have not heard our A.-A. guns; and by the time that this notice reaches you in print, who knows what may have happened? But two points will remain—Sir Frederick expresses a hope that the sale of *Ack-Ack* may help to pay off some of the Welfare Fund's back-bills; and peace will not bring with it a moratorium! Also, though the purchase of *Ack-Ack* may, in the first place, for you and me be a proud, grateful and affectionate gesture, we shall find ourselves in possession of a notable, all-round print-and-photograph record. Here we have A.-A. history.

Those who listened, night after night, to the terrific orchestration of London's barrage; those familiar with the "great gun-belt" country of south-east England during the V-1 summer, will need no reminder of what the A.-A. means. An excellent portion of *Ack-Ack* devotes itself to the lives of the mixed batteries. These men—and these girls, too—have been our only actual fighters on our shores. The extreme isolation and bleakness of many sites were, perhaps, unrealised by some of us. The "Bow-and-Arrow Boys"—up on the cliffs, out in the marshes, often miles from anywhere—were not at first to be envied. Furniture, books, radios, dart-boards, etc., went to them by means of the Welfare Fund. The generous contributions made by the Colonies (see p. 8) is, I think, a striking testimony to the Colonies' imagination.

Lucky Boy

BRIA FAIRFAX-LUCY'S *The Horse from India* (Frederick Muller; 6s.) is, I suppose, strictly a book for boys. But its freshness, its zest and its good plot should give any reader pleasure. Whether the more strict type of Victorian parent would have presented the book to his son, I doubt; for the background—most engagingly rendered—is a racing stable; and its hero begins a career in which he never looks back by running away from a blameless public school. Richard West's parents are in India; his Aunt Tuffs, though gruff, is amenable, and no one stands in the way of his realising his ambition. Richard hires himself as an apprentice jockey; and not only rides races, but wins them. The "horse from India" itself is a present from Richard's former groom in that country, rather doubtfully posted on to him by his parents. It proves to be more than Richard's mascot; it becomes his towering, supernatural ally.



"Royal Academy Illustrated"

"From My Studio, Montparnasse": by C. R. W. Nevinson, A.R.A., is exhibited in this year's Academy

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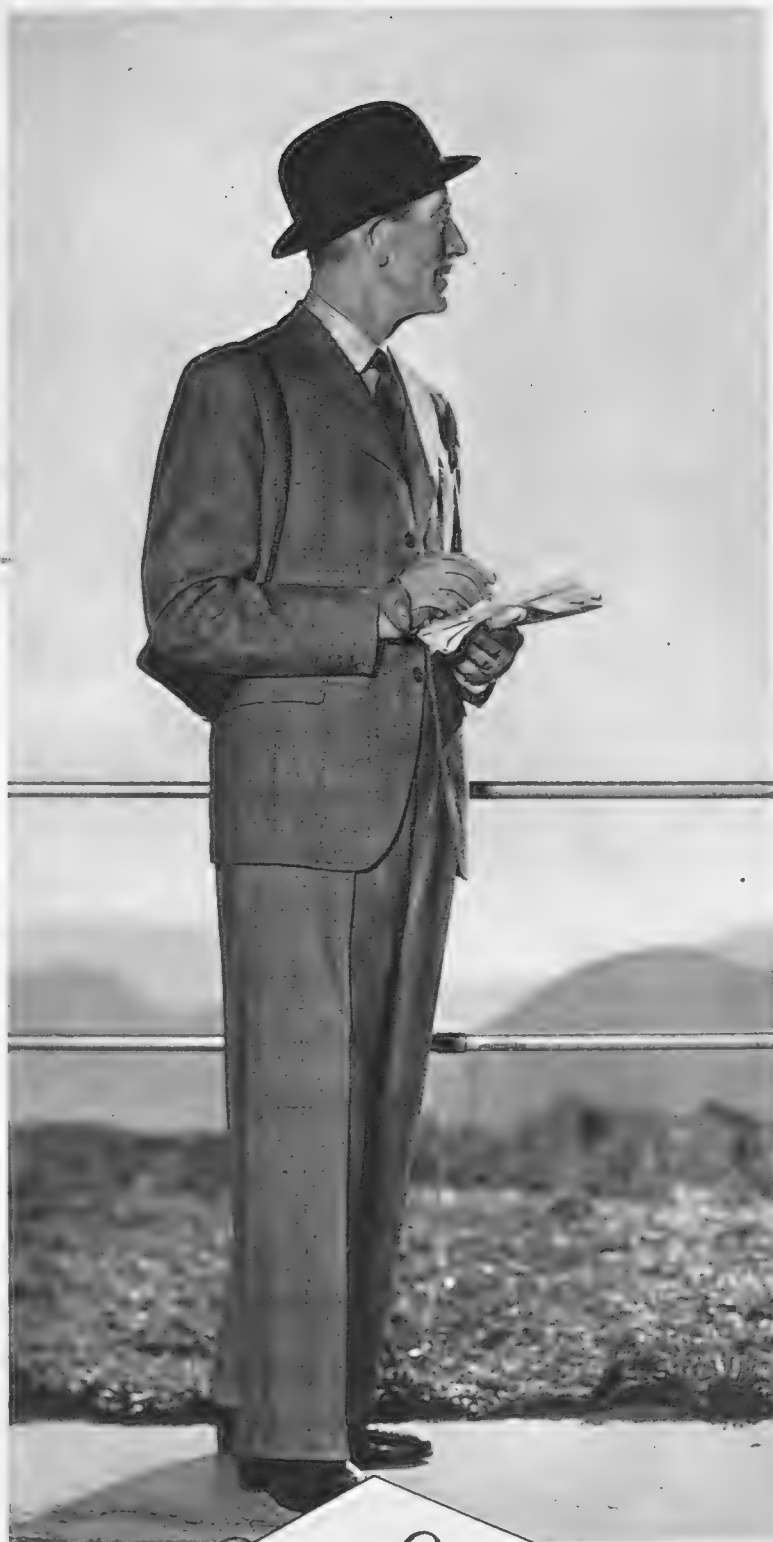
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Photographs by Dormer Cole



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Have wartime cosmetics enlarged your pores?



PERHAPS you were one of the unfortunate ones who during the acute cosmetic shortage were forced to buy unknown face powder. Perhaps it has left its mark on your nose in the form of enlarged pores.

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them swell. This forces the pores open. You may find that a good astringent will close up these enlarged pores — but you should also use Coty "Air Spun" — the powder that contains no ingredients that swell. While Coty "Air Spun" cannot cure enlarged pores it will prevent pores already enlarged from getting any larger. Use Coty "Air Spun" in future.

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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

A PARTY of British journalists was on a visit to Canada, where they were taken, on a tour of the biggest farms. At one farm, two of the contingent from Scottish papers drove up to the gate and were at once recognized by the farmer who had worked with them many years before on the same newspaper before he had emigrated to Canada.

The visitors looked round, and then remarked:—"You've got a fine show of cattle."

"Thousands," replied the farmer.

"I suppose you require a terrific extent of land to graze them on?"

The farmer grinned.

"Oh, no!" he explained. "You see, I've trained them well. They simply walk up to neighbouring farms, say 'Press,' and go right in!"

SAMUEL GOLDWYN received a phone call from a Hollywood writer. "I have a wonderful comedy," the writer told him excitedly.

"Fine, fine," Goldwyn said.

"Not only is it a great comedy," the writer went on, "but it also has a message."

"A message?" repeated Goldwyn. "Just write me a comedy. Messages are for Western Union."

LITTLE PETER was at a birthday party, and they were having tea. The hostess noticed that he was not eating, so she asked:—

"Won't you have some bread and butter, Peter?"

"No," said the boy, brusquely.

"No, what?" asked the hostess, in reproving tones.

"No fear, when all the others are eating cakes."

HE was a completely hopeless golfer, and one day, when he was playing even worse than usual, he muttered to his caddie: "I took up this game to practice self-control."

"You ought to have gone in for caddying, sir," said the boy, with a very deep sigh.

THE sergeant-major stopped a recruit who was walking out in a battle-dress and brown shoes.

S.M.: "Where did you get them shoes?"

R.: "I had them in private life, sergeant-major."

"What were you in private life?"

"A bank messenger."

"Did you have a silk hat?"

"Yes, sergeant-major."

"Then why don't you wear that?"

"I don't care for a silk hat with brown shoes."

AN Irish sergeant had been drilling a singularly unresponsive troop of recruits, and had been unable to make them march in step and in good dressing. At last, however, just as he was about to give up in despair, he managed to get them to do it correctly.

"Begob!" he roared, "but you've done it at last, me lads! Fall out now and take a look at yourselves so you'll know how to do it next time!"

THE postman wore a serious look as he carried the letter up to Pat's door. The envelope was black edged, and as he handed it over the postman remarked: "Looks like bad news, Pat."

Pat glanced at the envelope.

"Sure and begorra!" he cried. "It's me poor brother Mike that's dead. Oi'd know his handwritin' anywhere."



Erica Horobin (ATS Signals) is the actress daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Eric Horobin, and a grand-daughter of Mrs. Cloudesley Brereton. After training at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, Erica Horobin volunteered for service in the ATS and has lately been transferred to the London District Central Pool of Artistes

A POLICEMAN patrolling one night saw to his astonishment the figure of a man lying shivering in pyjamas on the lawn in front of a house.

"Ere, my man," said the constable, "what do you think you're doing?"

"It's like this," said the man between chattering teeth, "I was asleep in bed when suddenly a door banged downstairs."

"Heavens!" said my wife, "it's my husband," and like a fool I jumped from the bedroom window."

THE mistress was instructing the new parlourmaid in her new duties.

"Remember," she said, "I expect you to be very reticent about what you hear when you are waiting at table."

"Certainly, madam," replied the girl. Then she added hopefully: "May I ask will there be much to reticent about?"

OUTSIDE a Nonconformist chapel there appeared the following notice: "The Rev. Silas Jones, M.A., will preach on the text: 'Thou shalt not steal!' Anthem: 'Steal Away.'"

A LITTLE girl had been to church for the first time. When she returned home her mother asked her what she thought of church.

"I like it very much," she said, "but there was one thing I didn't think was fair?"

"What was that, dear?"

"Well, one man did all the work and the other man came and got all the money."



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that her polishes will become available in the not too distant future. Many of the ingredients essential to the making of fine polishes are also essential in war industry, but as peace draws nearer it is possible that small supplies of these components may be released. The Peggy Sage salon continues to give its clients every possible attention.

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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Two Cars

BRITISH motor car makers seem in most cases to favour a slow post-war start. The more solid among them frankly state that they will offer cars similar in all respects to their pre-war models and that no entirely new models will appear for many months. Rolls-Royce, for instance, have decided that the cars they make in the immediate post-war period will be basically similar to those current at the outbreak of war—and that applies both to the Rolls-Royce and the Bentley.

For a company of that standing it is certainly sound policy. But I wonder if a slow start will be equally sound for the makers of cars in the lower price range. I do find many people cherishing hopes of wonderful new models looking like nothing that has ever been seen before on the roads. In fact the car which looks like nothing on earth would have an assured post-war market simply because of its strangeness. But how long the market would last is another matter.

Novelty versus Trustworthiness

THE problem both for the motor car maker and for the private aeroplane maker is really the same. Is he to go for something bright and new or is he to go for something tried and trustworthy? Only on rare occasions does the bright and new prove also trustworthy. The Americans tend to favour the bright and new and I think that strange motor cars will be appearing in the United States soon after the war. Their strangeness may be only skin deep; but it will be very strange. And for many people it will be very attractive. But if the British motor cars of the same period are more trustworthy, they will be in keeping with what we like to think is the national character and will find customers everywhere.



Wing Commander Michael Donnet, D.F.C., is the leader of a Fighter Command Mustang wing. He is a Belgian and was captured while fighting for our cause with other members of the Belgian Air Force in the early days of the war. He managed to escape his German guards and flew to this country in an aircraft he "stole"

Some of his most interesting work was done in the second World War. In June, 1941, he was posted to the Joint Staff Mission in Washington to negotiate a United States leased bases military agreement and he returned to the Air Ministry three months later. He went back to Washington in 1942 and it was not until 1943 that he went to Royal Air Force Transport Command. Wing Commander Banks enjoys the advantage—not enjoyed by many Royal Air Force officers in these days—of being familiar with the civil aviation set-up in this country and of knowing the people in it.

German Ingenuity

MY friends who return from R.A.F. aerodromes in Germany all bring back amazing stories of the lavishness of the German airfield equipment and of the work that was being done in Germany on secret weapons. It is certainly true that the Luftwaffe lived in circumstances far superior to those of our own officers and airmen. Their messes are really pleasing to look at and have none of the crude, barrack-room qualities of our own. At some of the big stations there seems to have been provision for sport on a scale unrivalled over here, with swimming pools, tennis courts, billiards rooms, bowling alleys, cinemas, theatres and the rest of it.

Then their new aircraft are worthy of high praise technically. Their failure was that, as a result of the Allied bombing, they had not enough of them. And it is ironical to see on some of the captured machines the very radar equipment which was held to be so desperately secret on our machines.

The Arado 234 jet aircraft is certainly a fine job. I have talked about it not only to those who have inspected wrecked versions on the ground, but also to those who, slightly earlier, met it in the air. It is well streamlined and extremely fast. There is also the new Dornier fighter, with a "sandwich" arrangement, with the pilot arranged between the two engines, one in front of him and one behind. This is rather reminiscent of an idea put forward long ago by Fokker but not developed.

Metals for Jets

METALLURGISTS who have examined the German jet units express their surprise at what the enemy did while labouring under a shortage of suitable metals. They do not generally think that his jet units are as efficient as ours; but they agree that, under the handicaps, the German engineers showed great resourcefulness and ability. Altogether the air war appears in retrospect to have been a closer thing than some thought it was at the time. All of which shows that the frequent exhortations to the workers to give all the effort they could to their tasks, were fully justified.



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2 Cook over a moderate heat, in a closely covered pan, for about 15 minutes (young summer spinach takes about 10 minutes), shaking and stirring occasionally. When cooked, drain and pass through a sieve.

3 Most doctors recommend starting baby on strained vegetables during the 5th month. Begin by giving a few teaspoonfuls, then increase the amount gradually, until in the 6th month the two o'clock feed consists entirely of vegetables, with milk to drink afterwards.



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MODEL CITIZEN

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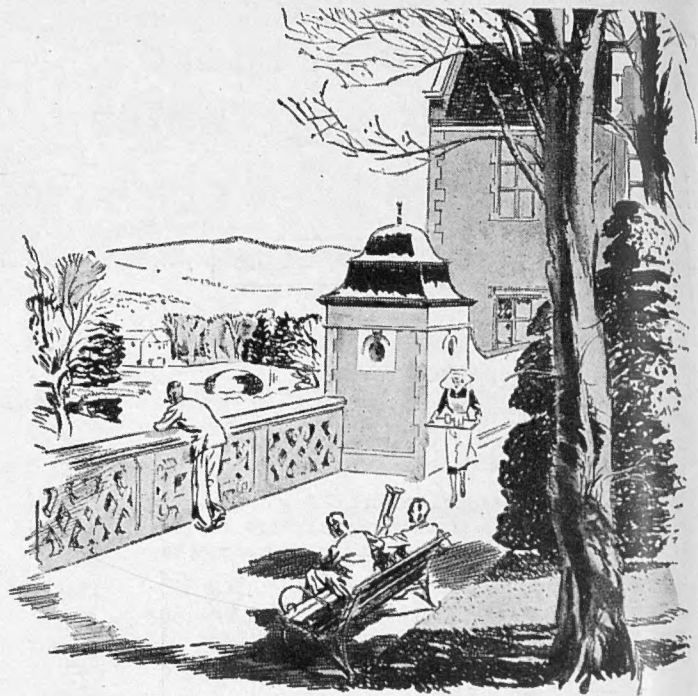
I am sorry that this is such an ornate and quite unsuitable Birthday Greetings Card, not in the best of taste, either, but the only one they had. With all the good news that we get it is hard not to fall a victim to optimism which is well known to cause a drop in the national moral. However, I trust you will not think me unpatriotic in moving a couple of bottles of Rose's Lime Juice from the cellar up to the sideboard. Just as a precaution against any unforeseen celebrations.

Yours pessimistically,

Albert Hawkins

Ex-Sergeant, Home Guard.

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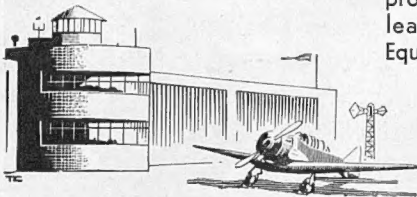
required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, if you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

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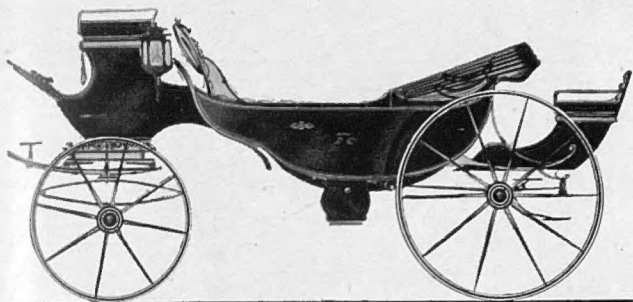
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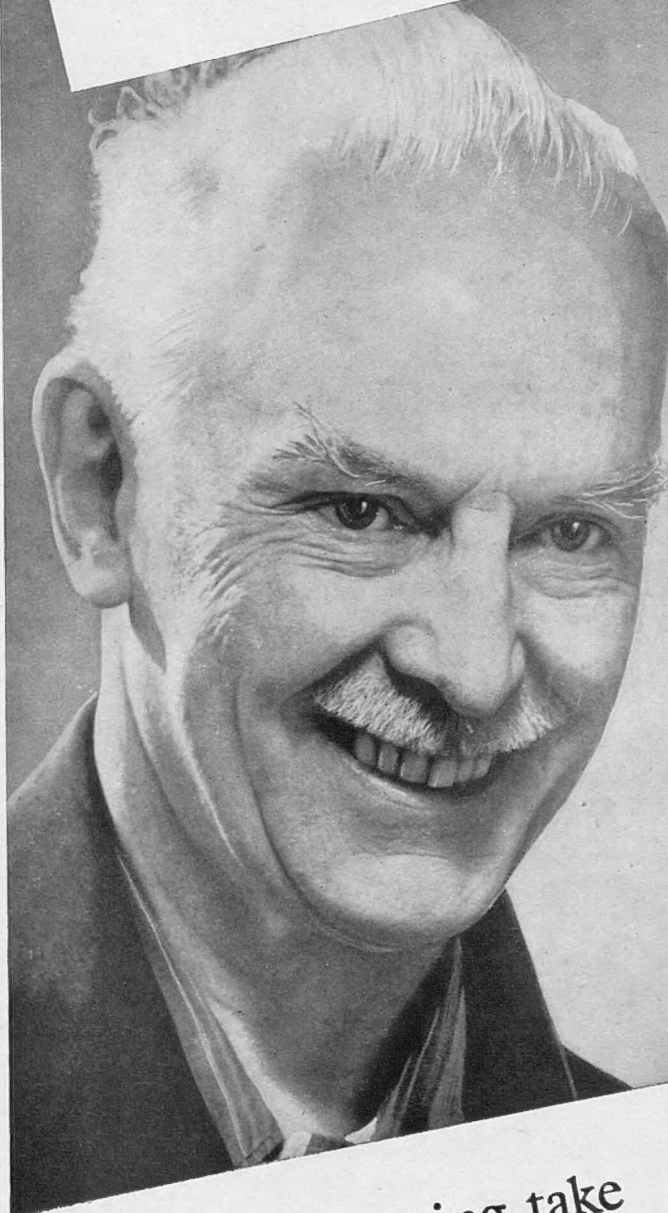
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